everything you, everything mine

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everything you, everything mine

by Anonymous

Summary

“Please,” he’s begging, “Please, Tyunnie, so pretty. Want to touch, want to fuck you, want to make you feel good. Please.”

He jerks when Taehyun slaps his cock, punishingly hard, and, wincing, bows over so his forehead rests at the hollow of Taehyun’s throat, sudden, pained tears falling between them and pooling in juncture where their thighs cross.

“*Shut up*,” Taehyun says, fucking his dildo in and out of himself leisurely now, satisfied by the way Soobin’s cock jerks against his stomach at Taehyun’s words, untouched and throbbing.

Taehyun loves him so much.

Soobin's so *big*. Everywhere. Taehyun's wants all of him, forever.

Notes

prompt: size difference pwp. taehyun loves how BIG soobin is (esp his hands...perhaps also his dick...) and yet taehyun is the one who can easily throw soobin around (and soobin Loves it).

this was hard to tag because i wrote their dynamic very fluid. i would say they're pretty much evenly switchy though soobin's dom style is more tender and adoring, and taehyun's is degrading and sharp. i hope my anonymous prompter enjoys! (๑>ᴗ<๑)

See the end of the work for more notes

“*Please*,” Soobin mewls, and he’s already tearing up, watery-eyed, unshed tears threatening to spill over his lashes. His big, pretty cock sits flush against his stomach, pink and leaking.

Taehyun slaps it, hard.

“*Shut up*,” Taehyun says, mean and derisive, as Soobin winces and hunches over, face scrunched up in pain, whimpering. Glistening teardrops fall into his lap and drip down the long, tense lines of his pretty thighs.

Soobin’s cock, thick and throbbing, jerks.

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It starts, like most things do, with Soobin being tall and oblivious.

Taehyun has learned to work with oblivious. Oblivious is perfectly fine. In fact, a lot of the time, it makes things entertaining. He likes catching Soobin wet and shocked, midway through a shower, or surprising him in bed wearing a cute, slutty outfit, or whispering something lewd in his ear during soundcheck to see the way his mouth falls open, dumb and stupefied. Oblivious is great.

Soobin being tall, however, Taehyun is still stuck on.

He really shouldn’t be. Soobin has always been tall. Even as a trainee he’d been all long lines and gangly limbs, topped-off with a lost little smile and a confused, darting gaze. His height was the first thing Taehyun had noticed about Soobin, looking up at the cute senior he’d heard all the younger trainees gushing about, towering over him.

The problem, now, is that Soobin isn’t just tall. He’s also big. No longer awkward and noodle-like, he’s now broad, and muscular, and extremely handsome. He goes to the gym with Kai and lifts weights to give his arms that sinewy, veiny look that drives Taehyun absolutely insane.

Sometimes Taehun stares at Soobin’s large hands and wonders if any of the other trainees who had a crush on pretty sunbae Soobin, the ones who didn’t make it with them, are having similar crises over Soobin’s ever-growing stature, if any of them squirm watching the cameras zoom in on Soobin’s pretty long fingers curled around a mic or the broad spread of his palm against a blushing fan’s hand.

Taehyun sure does. Regularly.

What no one but Taehyun gets to know though, at least not for sure, is how Soobin is big *everywhere*.

Only Taehyun gets to know the sublime pleasure of wrapping a hand around Soobin’s considerable girth, feeling the weight of his cock in his palm. Only Taehyun gets to experience the absolute bliss of sinking down onto Soobin’s dick, feeling it stretch him wide and fill him up suffocatingly full. Only Taehyun knows what it's like to be on top of Soobin,

thighs bracketing Soobin's pretty hips, Soobin's big hands wrapped around his waist, feeling Soobin's cock in his throat, splitting him in two.

While the gratification of being the sole proprietor of this knowledge is ordinarily pure bliss, it can also be, at times like this, torturous.

It's all Taehyun can think about, now, eyeing Soobin through the mirror at dance practice. The sight of him is unbearable, all flushed cheeks and sweaty bangs, the pretty, muscular lines of his arms prominent, strong, tensed thighs straining against the fabric of his sweatpants as he moves. His arms, flexing and unflexing with the pulse of the song, drive Taehyun close to madness.

They're halfway through a song, one of their sharp, driving numbers, when Soobin, blissfully unaware of Taehyun's progressive descent into insanity, thrusts his hips with the beat.

Well, all five of them do, but Taehyun only has eyes for Soobin, and Soobin's hips, and the outline of Soobin's monster cock that he catches a glimpse of through his tented sweats.

The day Soobin finally learns to tuck is going to be a devastating one for Taehyun.

Present Taehyun has no such dilemma to trouble his wandering thoughts, and revels in the bliss of watching Soobin's sizable bulge through their reflection in the mirror. He freely procures vast gratification out of imagining the endless possible ways he's going to make use Soobin's cock later, when he has it all to himself, unwrapped and presented prettily just for him, thick and tall.

Taehyun's deep, probably too deep, in a particularly captivating daydream involving a great deal of gagging and slobbering around Soobin's huge dick when, distracted, he trips over his own feet during a complicated step sequence and has to do an awkward and highly embarrassing stumble forward to right himself.

No one would ordinarily mind a mistake like that but Taehyun, realising it's likely abundantly evident to the rest that the cause of the misstep was his incessant ogling of their leader's crotch, flushes.

Ears burning, he thinks he hears Beomgyu snort. Kai follows it up with a delighted giggle. Those fuckers.

Yeonjun, ever perceptive but always professional (when it comes to dance practice at least), catches his eye and raises an eyebrow at him, glancing pointedly at Taehyun's feet, then at Soobin's crotch, unimpressed.

As if he gets to judge.

Yeonjun would absolutely be no better in Taehyun's position, having spent the best of their teenaged days pining helplessly after a completely unsuspecting Soobin. If he, too, was tormented with the awareness of what exactly Soobin keeps stowed away in his pants and exactly how big it actually is, he'd be fucking up the dance steps too.

In fact, all three of them would. No one is safe from the allure of Choi Soobin's beautiful dimples and ginormous dong.

Taehyun can only be grateful that Soobin is an absolute prude with the modest bashfulness of a blushing bride, and will hold his hands coyly over his package to hide it whenever they all end up in a shower together. Luckily for Soobin (and for Taehyun, but for different reasons), his hands are also wonderfully large.

Cheeks burning, Taehyun resolutely avoids Yeonjun's gaze and turns his attention back to the choreography, focused on rectifying his mistake to evade further ridicule, staunchly ignoring the bobbing of Soobin's crotch in his peripheral vision. It isn't easy.

Thankfully, Soobin himself, if nothing else, can be unfailingly relied upon to be blissfully unaware of a room full of boys with the hots for him. He carries on, completely unheeding of the knowing looks being passed around the room, most of which are directed at his crotch and his perky, round ass, or at Taehyun's bright red cheeks.

Like Taehyun said, oblivious.

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When they finally call an end to their practice session, panting and exhausted, slumping over to catch their breath, Taehyun makes his way over to Soobin, koala hugging around his middle from behind, arms wound around the sweet dip of Soobin's waist.

"Soobin-hyung," Taehyun mumbles tiredly, cheek smushed against the space between the broad, bony lines of Soobin's shoulder blades, nosing against his spine.

Soobin hums, sweet and happy, and takes hold of Taehyun's hands in his own over his stomach, lacing their fingers together, his bigger hands enveloping Taehyun's warmly.

"Baby," Soobin says, and straightens up so he can clutch Taehyun closer to his back and sway in his grip. "You looked so pretty dancing today, Tyunnie."

He's so darling, so earnest and unassuming, that Taehyun can only tighten his hold on him, revelling in the solidness of Soobin's back, and his impressive height, and the slender length of his soft fingers, curled into Taehyun's palms.

"Just when I'm dancing?" Taehyun teases, just because he can, because it's fun imagining Soobin's eye roll and petulant frown at the question when he can't see Soobin's face.

Soobin huffs, a disgruntled little sound.

"Always too," he says, and Taehyun can *hear* his pout. "I think you're so pretty always, Tyunnie," he promises, leaning his weight back against Taehyun to press against him.

The movement makes the soft roundness of his ass press back against Taehyun's dick, reminding Taehyun why he came over to speak to Soobin in the first place.

“Hyung,” he says, hand escaping the hold of Soobin’s larger one to creep a path down his tummy and over the waistband of his sweats. “Soobin-hyung.”

Taehyun reaches around to smooth a line towards Soobin’s inner thigh, where muscle gives way to soft, smooth skin, and pinches sharply at him there, through his pants.

“Sit with me in the back of the car later, okay?” Taehyun asks, revelling in Soobin’s sudden, shocked gasp, the way he stiffens against Taehyun’s smaller build, hands shooting out to grip around Taehyun’s wrist, even though he’s already quickly nodding his assent, okay.

“Good,” Taehyun says sweetly, pleased with Soobin’s compliance, and chances a brush of his hand over the bulge of Soobin’s cock, already hardening slightly.

If he catches Beomgyu smirk at this out of the corner of his eye, well, Taehyun has long been forced to make his peace with the neverending nosiness of his members. Beomgyu can suck it (or not suck it, really, since he has not the pleasure of being privy to the magnificence of Soobin’s beautiful dick).

On the way out of the building, Beomgyu bumps shoulders with Taehyun to lean in and whisper, “If it’s even close to how big it looks through his pants, god bless your tiny hole, Kang Taehyun. It must ruin you.”

He's not wrong. Beomgyu has an uncanny knack for hitting things like this right on the head, but Taehyun scowls at him anyway, bratty, and shoves him away with his elbow when Beomgyu only cackles knowingly.

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In the car, Taehyun sidles close to Soobin so he can press into his side, snuggled under the arm Soobin wraps around him, protective and encompassingly warm. Taehyun pulls his legs up and slings them over Soobin’s, calves hanging over Soobin's knees, so he's practically sitting sideways in his lap.

The position makes it perfect for Taehyun to slip a hand between his own legs and down towards Soobin's crotch, rubbing persistently now at Soobin's stiffening cock, cupping his hand around the shape of it apparent through Soobin’s pants.

It would be an excellently discreet manoeuvre if not for the way Soobin whimpers at the contact, arching out of his seat, clutching Taehyun to himself in what is almost a bridal carry.

The other three, sitting pin straight in the row of seats in front of them, obligingly keep their heads facing forward, although Taehyun is certain they have to be hearing the noises Soobin is letting out, whines and low moans and desperate shifting against his seat.

Huening’s eyes scrunch up and he claps a hand silently over his mouth, to repress what could be either a scream or a giggle. Taehyun isn’t sure which, but he is thankful Huening’s is at least *trying* to be somewhat prudent about it.

“Be quiet, hyung,” he hisses against Soobin’s ear, as hushed as he can manage without dropping into what Soobin calls his ‘princess voice’. “Or I won’t touch you again. Not at all tonight.”

Soobin, suitably chided, nibbles on his lip to muffle his whimpers.

In front of him, three sets of ears go simultaneously red.

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They stumble into Soobin’s bedroom shitty rom-com style, two bodies wound up as one, staggering through doors and into walls, fumbling at each other's jackets, pulling shirts off and tossing them away. Their lips work together, messy and uncoordinated, parting for air then meeting again, desperate.

Soobin bends to wrap his hands around the backs of Taehyun’s thighs and hikes him up against himself, winding Taehyun’s legs around his waist. The display of strength is so blatantly sexy it makes Taehyun moan helplessly against Soobin’s mouth, going lightheaded with want. Maybe it’s the drop in air pressure from being lifted so high.

Soobin presses Taehyun up against the wall, shifting his grasp on him to grip two handfuls of Taehyun’s ass, nails digging insistently into flesh. His tongue curls against Taehyun's, possessive and wanting, licking into Taehyun’s mouth eagerly.

“So pretty, baby,” Soobin murmurs, barely even pulling back, mumbled against Taehyun’s lips. “My pretty boy.”

Taehyun feels so delightfully small, and safe, in Soobin’s grasp, made to know just how much Soobin loves him, how much he wants him, just like this, held and shielded from the rest of the world.

Soobin hefts Taehyun higher with one hand, and slides the other one up Taehyun's chest to cup his face against his palm, thumb skimming over Taehyun’s lower lip, his cheekbone, brushing feather-light over his eyelashes.

He’s so gentle. Soobin is always so gentle with him.

“Baby, I love you,” Soobin whispers into the millimetres of space between their faces, cradling Taehyun’s jaw, sharing panting breaths.

“I love you too,” Taehyun answers, pressing his forehead down to nuzzle against Soobin’s smooth cheek. “I love you, hyung.” Because he does, because he can’t imagine loving anyone, or wanting anyone, more.

“But,” he continues playfully, drawing his head back to look properly at Soobin’s face, “You were so *noisy* in the car, hyung. Everyone could hear what a whore you were being.”

It’s so *fun* catching Soobin out like this, when he’s soft and distracted, to watch the way his eyes go so wide and startled, the way a whimper lodges itself in his throat before it can slip out past his lips.

“You were so slutty, hyungie,” Taehyun taunts, reaching up to curl a hand into the hair at Soobin’s nape, yanking him back with it when Soobin’s tries to halt his teasing with a kiss, chasing after his lips. “Did you want everyone to know what I was doing to you? Wanted to show off your pretty, big cock to all the others?”

“No, no,” Soobin babbles, shaking his head, and Taehyun’s infatuated with him, with how Soobin’s older, and bigger, but comes undone so easily when he’s got Taehyun in his hands. Taehyun adores pushing him, testing him to see the way Soobin responds to every little taunt, always flushed and falling apart, as if it’s the first time, every time.

“No, Tyunnie,” Soobin’s still insisting, earnest, as if he doesn’t know it’s a game, Taehyun’s game, the same one they always play.

“Only you, baby, only yours. Only want to make you happy, Tyunnie. Always yours,” Soobin promises, grinding his dick, hard and prominent, against the spread of Taehyun’s legs around his waist.

He’s so sweet. Taehyun wants to be his forever, wants to have Soobin for himself forever, to twist him into knots and unravel him, all laid out side by side for eternity.

While eternity waits, Taehyun, in the current moment, channels all the affection he has for his giant bunny of a boyfriend into dropping his hand sharply across Soobin’s cheek.

He relishes the sudden whip of Soobin’s head sideways at the slap, his hands clenching at Taehyun’s thighs, Taehyun’s ass, his jaw, the way Soobin still pulls him closer instead of pushing him away.

Taehyun uses the hand he has wound around Soobin’s neck to turn his head back to face him.

“Since you were such a filthy slut today, hyung,” he says, gleeful, “I’m not going to let you fuck me with your big, useless cock. I’m going to fuck myself with my favourite dildo and all your dumb little head is going to do is tell me how pretty I look.”

“Okay?” Taehyun asks sweetly, patting Soobin’s cheek, patronising.

Soobin looks devastated.

“Nuh,” he tries protesting, nosing at Taehyun’s neck as if it would convince him to change his mind. “I can make you feel good, Tyunnie, want to make you feel good.”

Taehyun coos, pressing a soft, quick kiss to Soobin’s pouting mouth, thumbing over his spit-slick lips.

“I don’t think you can, hyungie,” he says, and they both know he’s lying, because Soobin knows exactly how to use his huge cock and regularly takes Taehyun apart with it, but Soobin tears up at this anyway, sniffling pathetically.

“Put me down now, hyung,” Taehyun continues, tapping the hand Soobin has against his ass, holding him up. “Gonna show you how I deserve to be fucked.”

Soobin whines softly behind his teeth but doesn't protest further. He gently lowers Taehyun to stand on his own feet, steadying him with his hands gripping Taehyun's waist, fingers nearly meeting around it.

Taehyun spins them around and slams Soobin against the wall, thumb against his sternum, fingers fitting into the grooves that emerge between his ribs when Soobin inhales, sharp and shocked, feeling the pulsing of Soobin's blood under his skin at his fingertips.

"You can pick out a dildo for me, okay hyungie?" he says, saccharine-sweet, fondling at Soobin's dick, still clothed, stroking through the wet spot of precum that's soaked through Soobin's sweats, and thrilling at the way Soobin hunches himself down to fit against Taehyun, always needy, always so desperate.

Taehyun lets him go, stepping back and watching as Soobin scurries to the bedside drawer to rummage through it.

Lube and a pretty, pink dildo, one that's nearly Soobin's size, that Soobin knows fills Taehyun up best, gives his hole the stretch he likes.

Soobin presses both into Taehyun's hands and blinks down at him, waiting for approval, or for instruction.

Hands full, Taehyun gives him a push backwards with the backs of his hands, nudging Soobin which ever way until Soobin is sitting atop his bed, legs spread, letting Taehyun yank his pants impatiently away to reveal his pretty cock, hard and flushed, shiny wetness pooling at the tip.

Taehyun finishes undressing himself once he's done with Soobin, and swings his legs over Soobin's hips, so he's straddling him, hips flush against Soobin's pelvis, cocks brushing together, his smaller one against Soobin's imposing length.

Soobin, unable to keep his hands away, spreads them against Taehyun's thighs, pulling him in desperately so Taehyun's weight rocks against the length of his cock, whimpering all the while, breathy and electrified.

Taehyun tuts, disapproving.

"I told you you were just going to watch, hyung," he says, chastising. "I don't want to please your needy cock."

Taehyun lifts his weight off Soobin's thighs and reaches behind himself, lubed fingers slipping easily inside himself, still ever so slightly loose from taking Soobin's cock just last night. He rocks against his fingers, spreading them inside himself, then curling them up to find his prostate, losing himself in the pleasure when he hits the spot just right, savouring the bliss of having Soobin watching so worshipfully.

Soobin's eyes follow his every movement, barely blinking, enthralled and so, so dear. It makes Taehyun want to draw it out all the more, make it unbearable for him.

He pulls his fingers out of his hole slowly, reaching for the toy with a flourish, and sinking onto it with a sensual moan. He lets his mouth fall open in a pretty little ‘o’, gratified by the way Soobin’s gaze zeroes in on it instantly, focused on his windowed view of Taehyun’s lax tongue and his pink lips.

Taehyun rides the fake cock, slow and shallow at first, then faster and faster, until his bangs are flopping about his forehead as he bounces enthusiastically on it, and he’s pushing it in up to the hilt every time he lowers himself down. He leans back, spreads his knees wider, thighs stretched apart across Soobin’s, so Soobin can see right between his legs, where the dildo sinks inside him, wet and deep.

Soobin swallows thickly, wanting.

“Please,” he’s begging, “Please, Tyunnie, so pretty. Want to touch, want to fuck you, want to make you feel good. Please.”

He jerks when Taehyun slaps his cock, punishingly hard, and, wincing, bows over so his forehead rests at the hollow of Taehyun’s throat, sudden, pained tears falling between them and pooling in juncture where their thighs cross.

“*Shut up*,” Taehyun says, fucking his dildo in and out of himself leisurely now, satisfied by the way Soobin’s cock jerks against his stomach at Taehyun’s words, untouched and throbbing.

“You’re being so noisy again, hyung.” Taehyun complains, even though he’s nosing tenderly through Soobin’s hair while he speaks. “I don’t want to hear about what you and your big, useless cock want. If you don’t shut up, I’m going to have to give you another punishment.”

Soobin squirms against him, hearing this, and whines, so loud that it has to be intentional. He’s being bratty, playing into Taehyun’s game, disobeying because he knows how much Taehyun wants him to, because he loves nothing more than when Taehyun gets his fun just the way he wants it.

Taehyun loves him so much.

“So impolite, hyungie,” he scolds, pulling back and rubbing his nose against Soobin’s affectionately when Soobin blinks his teary eyes down at him.

“I don’t think your useless cock deserves to be touched at all tonight. I’m gonna fuck you and neither of us are going to touch your needy cock, and you’re going to cum just like that,” Taehyun says.

They’ve never done this before, and Taehyun’s frankly not entirely sure if Soobin even can, but speaking the words out loud makes the heat between then intensify, makes Soobin gasp desperately, makes his throbbing cock leak, and Taehyun figures he can always make a show out of magnanimously changing his mind later if he needs to.

Taehyun rises off Soobin’s lap, one hand keeping his dildo sheathed inside them, and arranges Soobin how he wants him, shoving Soobin backwards so he’s lying flat on his back,

neck craning to keep his eyes on Taehyun hovering above him.

The most thrilling part about Soobin being so big, really, is that he's somehow also so *easy* to manhandle.

Always so pliant, Soobin lets him hook an arm around the crook of his knees and yank him roughly forward, so Soobin's plush behind collides firmly with Taehyun's crotch. Taehyun hefts Soobin's long legs over his shoulders, leaning forward so Soobin's knees bump against his own chest and Taehyun's cock is flush with the warm cleft of Soobin's ass.

Then, Taehyun's reapplying lube over his fingers, smoothing a slick line down Soobin's taint, slipping them inside his clenching hole. It's tight, Soobin rarely bottoms, they both enjoy it more the other way most of the time. Taehyun's dick is also considerably smaller than Soobin's own. Not small, but Soobin's still dwarfs it.

Taehyun takes his time opening Soobin up with his hands, a single finger for a while, to get Soobin relaxed, then two fingers, then three, until Soobin's stretched and loose, and sighing blissfully every time Taehyun dips his fingers back inside him.

It makes Taehyun long to ruin him.

Taehyun slips his fingers out of Soobin with a messy, wet sound, gleefully pushing them straight into Soobin's mouth as soon as he pulls them free, to make Soobin taste himself. Obedient Soobin opens his mouth for them and sucks, taking their whole length into his mouth, licking around them readily, soft tongue pressed against the pads of Taehyun's fingers.

He's so good, so eager to please.

Pulling back his dripping fingers, Taehyun gives his dick a few pumps, smearing Soobin's spit over his length to get himself wet enough to fuck him. Then, still seated firmly on the dildo inside him, he's grabbing at Soobin's long legs, clawing at the smooth, flushed skin of his thighs, pushing into his ass, and, *god,* he really should do this more often, make use of his docile boyfriend's sweet hole.

It's heaven, sinking into Soobin's spasming heat, dick gripped tight within his velvety walls, watching the way Soobin's big, pretty cock twitches and leaks as he's filled.

Taehyun starts fucking into him hard right away, fast, brutal thrusts that choke the air out of Soobin's lungs, because he wants him to remember it's a punishment, wants him to know Taehyun's still stronger, still in charge of the scene, even if Soobin's so much bigger.

The dildo Soobin picked out for him starts to slip out as he moves, and Taehyun grabs it by the base, fucks it into himself, alternating between thrusts of his hips and his hand, slamming it into his prostate, then slamming his cock into Soobin, in turns.

He rocks between them, Soobin's ass and the silicone cock, caught up in pleasure and pure bliss, moaning out high, sweet sounds that make Soobin squeeze his eyes shut, his fingers gripping desperately at Taehyun's pistoning hips.

"*Don't*," Taehyun says, warning, when he sees Soobin start to creep a disobedient hand towards his neglected cock. "You don't get to touch."

He dips close to Soobin so they're face to face, inches apart, the messy, squelching sounds coming from both their holes filling the air around them.

Soobin drops his hands to the sheets underneath them, fisting and unfisting his hands into the fabric to stop himself from bringing them to his cock.

"They all wanted you today," Taehyun mutters through pants, breaths puffing out against Soobin's lips. "Do you know that? They were staring at you, even though you're mine. They all always want you but they don't get to have you. You're only mine, hyung."

"Not me," Soobin tries, gasping and overwhelmed. "You. They want you. Want my Tyunnie."

Taehyun digs his nails into Soobin's thigh to shut him up. It works, makes Soobin whimper, despairing, and drop his head back, groaning and writhing under Taehyun.

"I love you," Soobin moans instead, because Taehyun would never begrudge him those words. "My Tyunnie, my baby, love you."

Taehyun doesn't answer, just closes the space between them and slots their lips together, mouth jolting against Soobin's, still thrusting into him furiously.

Taehyun lifts his chin into the kiss, and it's really a testament to how well Soobin knows him, knows his body, and what he likes, the way he instinctively reaches for Taehyun's neck, wraps his long fingers around it and squeezes, catching Taehyun's moan in the middle of his throat.

They work together like this, lips together, then apart, tongues meeting and lolling back again, Soobin giving him the pressure he likes best against the pulsing of his blood in his neck.

"Can you come like this?" Taehyun whispers into Soobin's mouth, voice hoarse from Soobin's hand still wound around his throat.

Soobin whines, uncertain, but still nods in response, head bobbing against the sheets.

It makes Taehyun's mouth water, and he swallows, feeling the muscles of his throat ripple against Soobin's palm.

Then, Taehyun's fucking into him with renewed vigour, determined to make him cum, make Soobin's promise ring true. It's nothing like Soobin's long, measured strokes when he's in Taehyun, but messy, and rough, and uncoordinated, the bursts of pleasure from the dildo hitting his own prostate making his hips jerk wildly.

Soobin's whines grow in intensity and volume, until his whole body tenses up under Taehyun, muscles taut, fingers tightening around Taehyun's neck, veins prominent.

Then he’s cumming, untouched, cock twitching against his stomach, releasing thick, long strokes of cum that shoot over his stomach, and his chest, and reach up to his chin, trembling with the force of his orgasm.

He doesn’t let Taehyun go, even after he cums. He hooks his ankles around to dig into Taehyun’s ass from behind, urging him deeper into his hole, hand still held against Taehyun's throat, secure.

“You too,” Soobin says, and his voice is barely there, shaky with the aftershocks of his orgasm. “You too, Tyunnie. Want to see you cum. Want you, baby,” he rasps, soft, eyes fixed on Taehyun's.

It's this, knowing how much Soobin wants him, that sends Taehyun over the edge, vision going white, jabbing the dildo, forceful, against his prostate, sheathing his cock base-deep into Soobin and spilling inside him, spurt after spurt of cum that make Soobin moan.

“I love you, hyung,” he chokes out, finally, as he cums, grinding into Soobin a final time to fuck his climax deep into him. “I love you so much.”

Then, Soobin’s guiding Taehyun’s cock out of his own hole, and gently easing the dildo out of him, pulling him into his arms, cocooned around Taehyun’s smaller frame, murmuring sweet reassurances into his hair.

“I love you, baby,” Soobin whispers against Taehyun’s head, nestled under his chin. “You were so pretty, felt so good. So perfect for me, Tyunnie.”

Taehyun presses his lips to Soobin’s chest, right over his heart, where he feels Soobin’s heartbeat thudding loudest.

He feels so safe, so wanted, so wonderfully loved.

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The other three barge into Taehyun’s room the next day, in a manner they probably think is subtle, demanding all the ‘deets’ (Yeonjun has not updated his understanding of internet vernacular since the early 2000s).

Taehyun regales them with every sordid, glorious detail.

“No way it's that big,” Yeonjun says, eyes bright and cheeks red.

“No way,” Beomgyu and Huening parrot, wide-eyed.

Taehyun shrugs. Soobin's dick needs no embellishment.

“Way,” he sing-songs.

“And he's all mine.”

End Notes

- ❦ the run-on sentence bandit strikes again (￣▽￣||)
- ❦ thank you for reading! i hope you enjoyed and please let me know what you thought!
- ❦ socials will be added here after reveals!

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